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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

THE REASON WHY.

"Oh happy birds among the boughs,
And silver tinkling brook below,
Why are you glad,
Though skies look sad?"
"Ah, why? And would you know?"
A pleasant song to me replied;
"For someone else we sing,
And that is why the woodlands wide
With rapture 'round us ring."

"Oh daisies crowding all the fields,
And twinkling grass, and buds that grow,
Each glance you greet
With smiles so sweet!"
"And why—ah, would you know?"
Their beauty to my heart replied;
"For some one else we live;
And nothing in the world so wide
Is sweeter than to give."

—George Cooper.

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CALIFORNIA AND PROHIBITION.

Last week the editor of The Pacific gave some of the reasons why he favored the adoption of the proposed prohibitory amendments to the constitution of California; and why no attention should be paid to the cry that their adoption would seriously damage the state.

Persons who have been active in the campaign tell us that there is a favorable prospect for victory.

The Rev. Dr. Wadsworth, one of the Anti-Saloon League superintendents, writes:

"We have more than a fighting chance to win and we assuredly will win if all our friends wake up and get busy. We have taken counts of voters in various parts of the state so as to test the public mind and find out what our prospects really are; actual count of voters and their sentiments has been made in some places; for instance, the count in the city of Pomona and its vicinity shows nine out of every ten voters who will vote for the amendment. In Orange county, it is estimated that three out of every four will vote dry. In the city of Los Angeles, even some pro-liquor men say that we will get half the votes. We are so thoroughly organized here that we expect to win a majority in Los Angeles city, while we will carry the county outside of the city by an overwhelming majority.

"A count has been made in a part of the residence district of Sacramento, and while on the surface Sacramento seems to be wet, this count demonstrated that, in the residence districts, we shall have the majority. We are confident that we will carry the extreme northern counties, a part of Central California and all the counties in Southern California. We are not bragging about carrying the state by any large majority, but we do say that with energetic work in every part of the state, victory is assured."

Last week Bishop Hughes said: "I have just returned from a campaign of speaking in behalf of the Dry Federation. Everywhere I have been greeted by large and eager audiences. With perhaps one exception no candidate for office in California is drawing crowds half as large as are the men that are speaking for the Temperance cause.

"The campaign is proceeding on educational lines. The overestimated commercial importance of the wine industry is being thoroughly shown up, while its underestimated influence as a debauching and degrading partner in the business of making drunkards is receiving its share of attention. One of the best effects of the campaign will be to classify the wine industry precisely where it belongs."

The liquor propagandists are asserting that if prohibition carries in California it will destroy $150,000,000 of invested wine capital and will throw 75,000 persons out of work. But the United States census figures in 1910 showed that the total capital invested in this country in the manufacture of vinous liquors was only $27,908,000; and that the number of men employed in the manufacture of all kinds of liquors was only 61,000 for the entire nation.

The destruction of the wine grape will not destroy the land, and that can be turned to more profitable uses.

All the wine grapes raised last year on 170,000 acres in California paid the growers only $5,000,000, while the table grapes raised on 50,000 acres paid them $6,500,000; and the raisin grapes raised on 110,000 acres brought them $5,500,000. While the cultivation of table grapes paid an average of $130 an acre and raisin grapes $50 an acre, the wine grapes paid only $30 an acre.

It is not at all certain that growers of wine grapes would have to change to table or raisin grapes or some other crop if prohibition prevails; for Professor Bioletti of the viticultural department of the University of California says: "Any grape that will make good wine will make good grape juice."

Even if the wine grapes now grown in California should not make as good grape juice as those grown in the East, it has been shown of late that the eastern manufacture cannot meet the demand. And it is said that Eastern manufacturers have offered prices varying from $50 to $130 a ton as an inducement for California growers to engage in the growing of a better variety of grape for juice.

There is actually no foundation for the declaration that grape growers will suffer great loss if the amendments carry.

But the growers of wine grapes are engaged in a business which each year costs the State of California many millions more of dollars than it brings in. By crime alone the State of California was the loser of more than thirty million dollars in 1912—six times more than the wine grapes brought the growers. We shall have more of such comparisons in other issues of The Pacific.

WHY GREAT BRITAIN IS IN THE EUROPEAN WAR.

Great Britain has entered this conflict for reasons very similar to those for which she entered into some of the European wars of the past. She thinks it to be to her interests to see to it that the existing status be preserved and no great European power allowed to become dominant.

Conscientiously, the British view is that it resolves itself into a question of national life or death.

Austria-Hungary and Germany have been accused of selfishness—of entering on a war for national aggrandizement. They also believe, and conscientiously, too, that they are fighting for their national existences.

A glance at some of the facts of history may perhaps show that this war has been entered into no more selfishly than have many of the political maneuvers and wars of the

past, and that Great Britain in her efforts to acquire and maintain her ascendancy has often acted as selfishly as any other nation.

For more than two centuries it has been the policy of Great Britain to smother Antwerp in a commercial and naval way, to keep that port on the Scheldt isolated and from coming under the control of any great nation, and it was to keep Antwerp from falling into the hands of the French that she entered into the war against France in 1793.

Antwerp on the Scheldt was in early years a rival of London on the Thames. Sir Achibald Allison says in his History of Europe: "Nature framed the Scheldt to be the rival of the Thames. Flowing through a country excelling even the midland counties of England in wealth and resources, adjoining cities equaling any in Europe in arts and commerce, the artery at once of Flanders and Holland, of Brabant and Luxemborg, it is fitted to be the great organ of communication between the fertile fields and rich manufacturing towns of the low countries and other maritime states of the world."

This English historian declares further that Antwerp was the point from which Britain was long most seriously menaced and that it had been her "fixed policy for centuries to prevent this formidable outwork from falling into the hands of her enemies, and the best days of her history are chiefly occupied with the struggle to ward off such disaster."

In 1648, at the time of the Peace of Westphalia, it was stipulated that the Scheldt should be closed. It meant great things for London and the British; it meant the ruin of Antwerp commercially and the destruction in a commercial way of half of the Netherlands. Four years later war between the Dutch and the English, if it did not complete that ruin as to the other half, left it where it could no longer be a rival of the British.

When the French Revolution came England was without commercial rival on the North Sea. She had no part in that great war which for years convulsed Europe until the revolutionary government of France attempted to open the river Scheldt to navigation and thus restore to Antwerp the maritime and commercial opportunities which were hers by virtue of her superb location.

The closing of the Scheldt is widely held as an outrage. Professor Morse Stephens of the University of California, an Englishman, puts it in the best possible light for England. He admits the injustice of it, remarking: "Of course it was very unjust that one river should be closed to commerce in order that a city on another river might become rich and prosperous; but the arrangement had been consecrated by the treaties of years, and had been assented to by former French governments."

Morse Stephens says further in this connection: "England had always been very tenacious of its influence in Holland. That Holland should be under the influence of England was believed to be essential to the maintenance of the English supremacy. Further than this, English merchants had always been very jealous of the Belgian port of Antwerp. Antwerp had been the chief emporium of commerce, before London, and the destruction of its wealth and power by the Spaniards had served to increase the wealth of London. After the independence of Holland had been recognized, English statesmen had always jealousy insisted that the Scheldt should be a closed river in order that Antwerp might not again rival London. But, on these two points, which English statesmen and English merchants believed essential to the political and moral prosperity of England, the French Convention went out of its way to affront them. It declared, on November 28, that the Scheldt was a free river, thus ignoring the old treaties which had closed the Scheldt for so many years, and to which the French themselves had assented for more than a century."

So England went to war with France in 1793. The smothering of Antwerp, naturally destined to greatness, must be continued. It had been bottled up for 150 years, the city on the Thames was supreme now; but that supremacy must not in any way be threatened! At least Antwerp must never be backed up by any great nation, but only by some small buffer kingdom!

Students of history and of government tell us that the maintenance of the independence and neutrality of Belgium is as much a cardinal point of British policy today as was the smothering of Antwerp in earlier times.

At the time of the Franco-German war, in 1870-71, Gladstone wrote to the British war office: "What I should like is to study the means of sending 20,000 men to Antwerp with as much promptitude as, at the Trent affair, we sent 10,000 to Canada."

In 1914 Asquith does what Gladstone was prepared to do in 1870, and all the buffer European kingdoms are to be continued in all their neutrality if war can accomplish it.

A recent article in the Springfield Republican, to which we are greatly indebted, presents the present day situation as follows:

"It has been necessary to Britain's growth and supremacy not alone that a small, narrow strip of continental territory around the mouths of the Scheldt and the Rhine should be kept detached from the political and commercial control of a great European power, but that no other power should acquire such a predominance in Europe that its strength, and therefore its influence, should be overwhelming. The continental balance of power, from the British viewpoint, means essentially a division of power among various independent nations more or less antagonistic to each other.

"Nor has there ever been the slightest concealment by British statesmen and publicists of this aspect of British policy. Such small European states as Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium and Portugal enjoy British protection in a peculiar sense. Britain is regarded as the great champion in Europe of the small nationalities. Let Russia threaten Sweden, or Germany threaten Denmark, Holland, or Belgium, or Spain, Portugal, and British intervention is felt instantly. Portugal has been under the British wing ever since it was so successfully made a base of military operations by Wellington against Napoleon. If Prussia had attempted to dominate all Denmark after her conquest of Schleswig and Holstein, in 1864, she must have encountered a British fleet at Copenhagen; and as it was, the Prussian territorial expansion in the north was extremely unpopular in Great Britain, while, in the light of the tremendous later development of Germany, many British writers have felt that the British government of the day seriously erred in not following Lord Palmerston's advice and intervening to prevent that first important step in the consolidation of the German empire.

"No less than the great powers these small states, including Switzerland, contribute to that political equilibrium known as the European balance of power, which, in its grand division, dates from the downfall of Napoleon and the Congress of Vienna, modified in important respects by the unification of Italy and the consolidation of Germany in the middle period of the last century, and the various readjustments in the Balkans. It is, of course, essential to the maintenance of the equilibrium that no single

great power like France, Russia, Austria-Hungary, or Germany should gain an undue weight."

After the Franco-Prussian war came Modern Germany, and soon in Hamburg on the Elbe London was confronted by a seaport as formidable as ever Antwerp was or could have been.

Today Germany's greatness on land and sea is known all around the world. She is Great Britain's rival, and a nation whom Great Britain fears, whether with or without good reason.

Why is Great Britain in the present European war? Briefly it can be stated from the British viewpoint by a few words in the London Standard in 1909:

"Our policy looks not to the destruction or weakening of Germany, not to the aggrandizement of France or Russia, but simply to a due balance of power—a balance which preserves the existing status. . . . Our interests would not be served by a French, a Russian, or a Franco-Russian hegemony. Similarly, we could not tolerate a German, an Austrian, or an Austrian-German domination."

Great Britain it is evident has entered this war in her own interests. So has Austria-Hungary. So has Germany. We fail to see that the latter are any more selfish than the former is. In the next number of The Pacific we may endeavor to show why this is the judgment of the present writer.

A SURVEY OF THE RELIGIOUS SITUATION BY THE REV. DR. BARTON OF CHICAGO.

Dr. Barton is spending his vacation in New England. He spoke at the Congregational Congress on the Isle of Shoals in part as follows:

"When other conundrums cease, or have all been answered or given up, this always remains, 'Is the world growing better or worse?' The statesman, the scientist and the seer all propound this inquiry. Though their question varies in its form, the meaning is ever the same. It is a question that may be answered promptly and without hesitation, and the answer may be given either way and still be true. To the anxious inquiry out of their 'Watchman, what of the night?' the astute prophet takes refuge in the Delphic evasion, but with entire confidence in the accuracy of his prediction, 'The morning cometh, and also the night; when you want more information, come back again.'

"The world is growing better, the world is growing worse—in spots. Wicked and adulterous men wax worse and worse. He that is unholy continues to be unholy, and often grows hardened in his unholiness. On the other hand, goodness grows by what it feeds upon; generosity grows as it gives; nobleness is learned of nobleness; righteousness in the world enlarges with the growth of righteousness in the souls of men.

It is, therefore, far less difficult than is generally supposed, to exercise the gift of prophecy. An orator is never so safe as when he confines his remarks to the future. It is almost impossible to interpret history aright, and quite impossible for any average man to estimate correctly the complex of forces in his own age but he who foretells the future need never be careful of his statistics. It is safe to predict anything good, bad or indifferent, and it is reasonably certain that there will be in the future enough that is good, bad or indifferent to establish and confirm a present prediction that is content to express itself in general terms.

"But how shall we strike a balance, and declare whether as a whole, the world is better, the church advancing, the nations producing and responding to an ever wiser, saner and more righteous leadership, whether, indeed, the kingdom is actually and visibly coming nearer? It is the contemplation of some such survey of the field as this that may well make a man pause before he ventures too rashly to interpret the conditions of his own time. To know our own generation; to be able to interpret the ways of God while God still is working; to know how to discern in the hand of God the tool from the task, the unfinished product from the shavings, both of which are the results of God's toil—this is in every age, and always has been and must be, the supreme task of the prophet and the highest measure of his inspiration.

"We have passed through a period of unprecedented disturbance of thought, religious as well as scientific. The relations of science and religion; the new conception of a universal reign of law; the application of the principles of historical criticism to the books of Holy Scripture; the rise of at least a dozen new sciences, comparative religion and every other science having the word 'comparative' as a part of its title, and all the sciences with the adjective 'social' as part of their title, have not left theology or religion unmodified.

"There are startling and indeed saddening elements in the life of today. There is widespread, and probably a growing, distrust of creeds. There is a sad estrangement of the masses from the institutions of religion. There is an appalling paganism accompanying the depopulation of rural communities and an equally appalling godlessness accompanying the segregation of people in cities under conditions that unmake stability and responsibility. There are mammon worship, and race hatred, and class distinction, and bitterness of strife between capital and labor. There is increasing distrust of legislatures and of courts. There is growing doubt of the adequacy of democracy to endure the strain put upon it by modern conditions. There is a lessened sense of sin, and almost entire absence of fear of punishment. There is a growing secularization of Sunday, an increasing love of luxury, a mad race after pleasure. There is vehement protest against the permanence of marriage, a protest uttered now for perhaps the first time in history on behalf of woman. There is, most ominous of all, a sad decay of family life.

"Moreover, certain tried and approved methods of religious work have proved subject to the law of diminishing returns. The old time evangelism is not producing its former results; the success of Mr. William Sunday, however estimated, serves as the exception that all the more advertises the rule.

"Within the Church are seen a diminishing number of our choice young men seeking entrance to the ministry, and the ministry itself shows a serious 'leakage at the top.'

"Are there any cheering signs to oppose this rather formidable list? There is first of all an end to the age-long warfare between science and religion. That battle, fought since Gallileo's day, is over. It is now accepted as an axiom that scientific truth and religious truth cannot be in conflict, and all truth is from God. Religion has become more reasonable, and science, for its own good, a trifle more humble. Science itself has been hard hit, and has had to reshape a number of its most confident assumptions. It will be rare hereafter that a scientist calls God the unknown, and certainly no man speaking in the scientific spirit can call Him unknowable. So many things which we did not know we are beginning to know, and we are so

enlarging the circumference of our perceived ignorance that we hesitate to assume so much of knowledge as to say that anything is permanently unknowable. Much good science was spoiled by bad philosophy, and science is beginning to realize its own limitations, and so is theology. That is well for both.

"Then, if the Bible is not studied more reverently, it is at least studied more intelligently. We are pretty well past the contest over biblical criticism, and we shall find when it is over that the Bible as a spiritual revelation, as a book which, to quote Coleridge, finds men as no other book, has gained and not lost. The destructive stage of biblical criticism is passing. The constructive stage is advancing.

"Beyond question the most notable feature of the religious life of the last decade has been the new passion for social service, a new sense of obligation for the welfare of our brother man. But we are now emerging to a point where we see that this alone is a very one sided and defective form of religious life. The cry of the soul after God will be permanently more pathetic than the cry of hunger for bread. The new religions which center their thought upon the cure of the body, and the new forms of social service which provide better living conditions have all in them something to commend them; but the deepest needs of human life are coming anew to the fore as spiritual needs. This is the sane word of Eucken; this is the heart of the new message of that saner philosophy of religion now gaining the ear of men and women the world around.

"There is a new passion for service on the part of young men and women. There is a new conviction upon the part of the leaders of the church that the Gospel, and not any substitute for it, is the supreme need of humanity. The cheap and easy optimism of the older day has had many a hard knock, but a deeper, more sober and a better founded and more secure optimism is coming to take its place. Once we sang with very little thought that 'God's in his heaven; all's right with the world.' We are arriving at a faith which assures us that because God is visibly working in his world, all's right with his heaven."

THE NORTHWEST SUMMER ASSEMBLY AND WASHINGTON CONGREGATIONAL CONFERENCE.

The Assembly and the Conference met jointly on Vashon Island, near Tacoma, July 22-29. The plan worked so successfully that it will be tried again next year—but at that time at Seabeck on Hood's Canal.

This report gives only a brief sketch of the Vashon Island meeting, with brotherhood day as a sample only.

The addresses were of a high order of intellectuality and inspirational power.

On Brotherhood Day, for example, the first speaker of the morning was the Rev. J. K. Browne, of Turkey, who gave a fascinating missionary address. The Rev. J. K. Unsworth, of Vancouver, B. C., gave one of his three lectures, the titles being "The Veraciousness of Faith," "Actualizing Faith," and "Love, the Organizing Power, Creating a Church." He said that the only test for church membership should be the ability to conjugate the verb "to love"; that candidates should be able to show, not a definition or a description, but an experience of love. Redeeming love is the only bond that binds us, then why pay so much attention to other bonds? Congregational churches do not so much depend upon liberty, as upon love. We could live without freedom, but without love we should surely die. Many Congregational churches have been killed by liberty, but none have been killed by love.

The topic for the day was "Men and the Church." Hon. W. W. Seymour, recently Mayor of Tacoma, spoke on "Raising the Masculine Percentage and Efficiency in Church Membership." In the discussion of this topic he declared that "the church does not grasp the tragedy of the social struggle now going on."

Arn S. Allen, Secretary of the Seattle Y. M. C. A., remarked: "This generation says Paul is a liar, for it is trying to convert the world by being like the world." He complained that "ministers are making it easier to get into heaven by lowering the grade." He asserted that "we do not need to change the brotherhood, but the brothers." He believed that "the church was never enriched by a rich church." He observed "that no incubator ever laid an egg, and that most Christians are engaged in manufacturing incubators." He declared the acid-test of a Christian was two-fold: "personal devotion to Jesus Christ," and "propagation after his kind."

The Rev. Wilfred Withington, Chaplain of the Monroe Reformatory, spoke on "The Place of Brotherhood in Christianity." He dealt with the subject in a large and fundamental way, from the biological, historical, Biblical, and pragmatic points of view. It was a very able address given with great power.

The morning session closed with a few "Moments with the Master."

The afternoon, as usual, was taken up with a Conference Business Session. At seven o'clock, on a little float anchored near the shore stood the leader of the "Church of the Open Sea," and there he broke for all the bread of life, as did his Master for the first disciples of Galilee. Later, in the Assembly tent, came a review of Cabot's "What Men Live By," given by Rev. Earl Munger, of Pasco. Two lectures followed, one by Hon. Wm. H. Lewis on "Business Efficiency in the Church," and the other by Hon. P. M. Troy on "The Christian Man and the State." "How could we stand so much?"—in one day, so many addresses in addition to the business. Dr. Frank White answered for all when he said, "It was all so exceedingly good I couldn't afford to miss any of it!" A program similar to this typical day's feast was furnished on seven successive days. It is doubtful whether anything so elaborate and so intensely worth while was ever before attempted by Congregationalists in this country in the summer time.

In a state where woman's suffrage is held a matter of simple right and justice, there would of course be a fine Woman's Day. Among the speakers that day were Mrs. Everett Smith and Mrs. Clarence Smith of Seattle, Mrs. Penrose of Walla Walla, Miss Bess Card and Mrs. Walter Vose Gulick of Tacoma, and Mrs. Warren Morse of Bellingham. Miss Maclafferty of Tacoma presided over the Missionary Institute. Mrs. A. J. Bailey, of Seattle, conducted a mission study class, using "The Child in Our Midst." In the evening Mrs. W. W. Seymour gave a review of Jane Addam's "Twenty Years at Hull House." This was followed by Dr. Mason of Seattle on "The World Wide Kingdom," and the Moderator's Annual Address, which was an earnest and forceful discussion of conference problems.

The Rev. Albert W. Palmer, of Oakland, gave three addresses—all helpful and instructive. In the one entitled "The Demand on the Modern Minister," he said that the minister today must be "a teacher of religion," and pointed to Rev. Charles R. Brown as a shining example. He suggested that, if the right kind of man could not be found, the minister be the Sunday School Superintendent, even though the school should meet before the morning service.

Mr. Palmer remarked: "The minister must be a prophet of the social ideal," and should ask his people, "How does this community need to be served?" and he should require an answer from them. He said also that the modern minister should be a spiritual priest, a comforter; and he observed, that Christian Science appeals to people because it "makes a vital application of vital truths to daily life." Mr. Palmer said also that the minister should be a wide reader, reading such books as those of the New Thought movement; the great biographies, such as Andrew D. White's; the modern drama, such as Shaw, Peabody, Ibsen. The minister should know the total life of his community, the inside of saloons, jails, moving-picture and vaudeville theatres, etc.; should conserve his time; should have efficient help, should put the work of much of the pastoral calling on the laity.

The Rev. Charles E. Burton, the new Secretary of the National Home Missionary Society, gave two addresses, on "Prayer," and "Team Play in Home Missions." These were searching, illuminating, masterful.

The Rev. Dr. Raymond C. Brooks, of Berkeley, made a valuable contribution with his four addresses on "The Messages of the Prophets," "The Prophet's Conception of Man," "The Religion of the Spirit," and "The Deepest Need of Our Time." The fourth dealt with the church, and stated that our deepest need is not organic, creedal, or social, but spiritual. He said we are today unconscious of God; while we have more righteousness, we have less reverence. We have lost the moral grandeur of the religion of the Puritans. They were concerned with an eternal world, we with a present world. In every age Christians find it easier to institutionalize the spirit than to spiritualize the institution. We need to discover God in human life, and spiritualize the life of today.

The Conference sermon was given by the Rev. Dr. West, of Everett, on "The Adventure of Faith." It was a sermon of rare beauty, deep insight, and inspirational power. It was by common consent given the place of primacy among the many noble utterances of the week.

There is no space for extended reference to all of the seventy-three speakers on the program,—including Drs. Harper, Dyott, White, Presidents Bushnell and Penrose, Mrs. McKee and others. Nor can we give the messages delivered by the Revs. Grey, Edmonds, Judy, Hinman, Strong, Mason, Painter, Stubbs, Schrock and Walters,—all of marked excellence. The paper by Edwin Eells concerning his father, Cushing Eells, should be placed among the archives of the denomination. E. C. W.

MORAL MUSCLE FOR A MIGHTY TASK.

A Christian Endeavor Convention Address by the Rev. Dr. Ira D. Landrith.

Being a consistent twentieth-century Christian is no joke. Living an upright, self-respecting, respect-impelling Christian life nowadays is no picnic. It is hard, heroic work to win the Master's "Well done." But that very fact, boldly, baldly stated, is Christianity's strength of attraction to right-minded men and women. If it were harder to get into the church and more difficult to stay in, the church would be less sparsely manned, and the finally faithful would make a better showing in the ecclesiastical year books. Easy tasks, soft and shallow and shiny enterprises, make but slight pull on the red-blooded and the robust. Men and women who do things, and do not merely dream them all day long, are less afraid of danger and difficulty than they are of dull gray indolence.

Out in British Columbia, at Glazier, three years ago, I interviewed a company of mountain climbers just as they started up the ice-mailed monarch of the Canadian Rockies. In reply to my inquisitiveness, an alert, clear-eyed young member of the Alpine Climbers' Club of Canada said: "Why do we do it? Oh, because it is hard and hazardous." Seven hours later I was watching through field glasses this same party, when, just below the summit, one of them, a young woman, leaving the group walked a few yards away, against what we afterwards learned was the protest of the guides, stepped upon a drift of treacherous fresh snow, and shot down to her death thousands of feet below. It was human nature's terrible tribute to the hard and hazardous. The flag of no country, however mean or small, droops long upon its staff for want of brave hands to fly it in battle. No cause that tries men's soul's ever languishes for dauntless adherents. The poor wreck of the "Maine," whose watery grave has for fourteen years concealed both her ill-fated crew and the secret of her destruction, is a melancholy reminder that American manhood is grandly unafraid.

But in comparison with the age-long campaign for the conquest of the world by the banner of the Cross, all other wars are as the angry quarrels of little children in a back alley to the conflicts of the Titans. In comparison with the hardships and the risks of the individual Christian life of the man who persistently works at the job, all other heroism is calm and complaisant security. It is a terribly brave and vacationless vocation to be a Christian.

The church has won most of its ethical contentions. The cardinal virtues of the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount are now almost as resolutely insisted upon by commercial and political organizations, by society and by business, as by the church itself. To get on the payroll of corporations and to stay on, men must either be Christians or they must behave themselves like Christians. The preferment of electors and of employers alike is no longer to be had by the sinning and selfish—it is for the honest and the altruistic. Men who, in their own financial or political or social interest, make or unmake other men have no creative fiat for any man who is expected to obey at least that part of the all-comprehending commandment which says: "Thou shalt love . . . thy neighbor as thyself." It is a fine tribute which the world we sometimes denominate as Godless, but which is very far from being without God, thus pays to the Christian church—that the moral teachings of Jesus should be so universally accepted; but what of the church's resulting obligation? We are bound to furnish a generation of men and women able to meet this stern demand for consecration and integrity, which demand the church has itself produced. We must rear a generation of men trained in Christian spirit and ideals to think and speak and do and be as Christ would like to have men think and speak and do and be. All this is impossible without the Spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ in a surrendered life. "Ye must be born again" and religiously trained throughout your whole life, and that costs—enormously costs.

It is hard work to become a Christian. Let us be done with that sort of evangelistic appeal to unsaved men that warrants them in the conclusion that beginning the Christian life is so easy and instant a thing that it can be safely deferred awaiting the behest of convenience or the beckoning of languid inclination. Tell men the truth, that it is no easy thing to decide for Christ and that it is a far harder thing to grow to manhood's stature in Jesus, and that it takes the longest lifetime to develop stalwart Christian character, and hesitant indifference will then become in-

sistent eagerness, begging: "What shall I do to be saved?"

To become a Christian has always been a hard thing, but it is harder today than ever before, because the allurements of the other life are correspondingly greater than ever. It is hard, often hazardous, too, to break with evil habit and companionship. "In youth we form habits; in manhood they form us." A colored brother of middle age became a member of the church following a revival. For a year, it is said, he obeyed his denominational discipline, but one day his pastor went to make a call on this brunette, year-old parishioner. Hearing from his wife that "Brudder Sam" was "plowin' in de new groun' "—did you ever plow in the new ground and do you know what a tax it is on churchly consistency?—the pastor rode through the woods to the "clearin'," where he reined up his own beast and sat aghast while "Brudder Sam" soiled the rural atmosphere with unregenerate profanity. To and fro he went, stopping at intervals in response to the imperative demands of stumps and roots, but never interrupting the fluency with which he swore at his mule. Finally he discovered the preacher and turned as white as he could. Stammeringly he apologized: "W'y, pa'son; is dat you? I wa'n't lookin' fo' you today.' I—I begs yo' pahdon fo' de langwidge I was a-usin' but, pa'son, I clar' I wuzn' cussin'; leas'ways, dar wa'n't no moral element in whut I wa' sayin'. Yo' know, pa'son yo'-self, dat I ain' been a Mefodis but a yeah, an' dat mule, he twenty yeah ol', an' I broke him dat-a-way, an'—an'—an' he won' go no udder way." Even a mule can get bad habits that are hard to break. Yet, hard as it is, the Christian is bound by his vows of surrender to break evil habits if it kills him, for "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Basil, the Great, a Greek father of the fourth century, went into retreat "to escape the world, the flesh and the devil"; but he had to write back to his friends the confession: "I have not been able to leave myself behind." Men are multitudinous who can master wild beasts, but the number is none too large that can get a grip on themselves and make themselves behave. Then, too, it costs to offend one's bad but boon companions. Facing cannon is easy in comparison with standing at short range before a fusilade of sneers and derision. The desire for universal popularity is a creeking paralysis that leaves many a high resolve helpless, and takes the fire out of many an eye turned toward the Cross; and yet, "in an age and land like ours, only men of mush and moonshine can be friends with everybody."

Growing a virile Christian character is hard. Decisions are sometimes instantaneous and the new birth immediate, but development, growth in grace, is patient and painstaking and slow, and therefore, humdrum, and all humdrum is hard. "He who began a good work in you," promises Paul to the Philippians, "will perfect it until the day of Jesus Christ." When shall we ever learn that "nervous instability" and "exalted emotional sensibility" are not necessarily proofs of oaken Christian character? And how many more disasters must overtake the cause of religion before we are convinced that suddenly grown Christians are not safe leaders? It takes time and trial and suffering and service to build a spiritual tower of strength.

"I preach the Word. Why, then, that hiss?
Why God's message laughed to scorn?
Your cheek hath known no Judas kiss;
Your brow no crown of thorn."

Universally it is conceded that our religion would be more attractive to others if the followers of Christ were more like Him; but to be like Him we must live long and closely with Him, love Him, suffer for Him, be crucified with Him. Easy? Is not there here made plain the duty of beginning early the Christian life? At my age and with my avoirdupois, I would dislike very much to sit down with the children in the kindergarten and there begin a long-drawn educational struggle. But we all know great, grown-up men and women who are unashamed to put off, "e'en down to old age," the mere kindergarten work of their religious education. For shame!

But Christian service is hard. Christ's first disciples, who, by the way, were mostly men, were set to such mighty tasks as healing the sick, cleansing lepers, opening blind eyes, raising the dead, casting out devils, and there is no record yet written to show that the twentieth century servant of our Lord is appointed to a milder mission, for the sin-sick moan all about us and unto the uttermost parts of the earth; and the blind grope in heathen darkness; and the dead in trespasses and in sins await the resurrection to which we are bidden to call them; and, in democratic America, there are devils in plenty to whom a ruthless, resolute casting-out has been long overdue. But this is no employment for weaklings, nor for anxious lovers of the line of least resistance, which is never the straight line plumbed by the narrow way.

Obeying God, knowing His will and doing it, is hard. The Master gave us the solitary law of spiritual health in these words to His own tempter: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God"; and that is the difficult diet of the self-immolated Christian athlete. The morally and irresolutely unmuscular will not submit to it. Christian warfare in general—and war is a synonym for Christian service—is hard. Everybody who is even nearly rightminded, hails with joy the approach of international peace and applauds the efforts of the President of the United States, that fond and favored son of Ohio, for the accomplishing of peace treaties among English-speaking peoples; but desirable as is arbitration between Christian nations, it will continue forever to be true that when right meets wrong there must be a fight or wrong must surrender without it. There can be no compromises between virtue and vice, because there is no middle ground between good and bad. Even the Prince of Peace "came, not to bring peace, but a sword," and Hillis was right when he wrote: "Langourous, emasculated manhood may endure great wrongs for the sake of peace and quiet, but robust manhood never," and surely Christian manhood ought to be robust.

There is not time to even start to survey the Christian soldier's battlefields, every one of which has been the scene of incalculable secrifice and of immeasurable bloodshed. The chief of these fields of battle, however, is bounded by the limits of the individual's avocation. We are to fight where we toil, and to save the men and the women with whom we labor. In his intercessory prayer Jesus said to His Father concerning his earliest and latest disciples alike: "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil one." The Christian's hardest duties are his nearest ones—to lead his own family and fellow-toilers to Christ.

Self-control is the highest heroism. Christian helpfulness of the weak and the oppressed is only a little lower order of courage—lifting the fallen, strengthening the weak, and removing legalized and popular hindrances from the pathways of the poor or the crippled or the young—in that direction lie both danger and all but exhaustion for the lover

of hard tasks. Christ-honoring patriotism, cleansing civic temples, paying all of one's honest taxes, fighting graft and greed and the partnership of the state and the city with iniquity—these and other omnipresent obligations of every professed follower of Christ, have all too often silenced by their very hardness and hazards the testimony of the church, and have palsied the otherwise irresistible influence of the Christian citizen. Ah, if you want a task big enough and brave enough to gratify every high ambition you ever had for courage and for conquest, enter tonight this campaign, this fight to a finish between God and the devil. Upon the issue of this conflict depends every other ethical issue—labor and capital must settle their difficulties by the arbitrament of the sword of the Spirit; defenseless weakness will get justice from greedy power when this war is mightily waged; and herein lies a sufficient reason why all men everywhere should become outspoken and definite Christians, that this battle of the Church of Christ against the agencies of Satan; this campaign of right and truth against might and error, of purity and home and heaven against dirt and selfishness and hell, may end in speedy and complete triumph for the Captain of our Salvation.

Only thus can every man do his share for every other man's weal; and only in this conflict is there fine enough fighting to be worthy of the steel of true heroism. To arms, men! To arms!

OUR INDIAN PROBLEM.

An Address by Superintendent Hyatt of the California Board of Education.

As I understand it, the current feeling is that the Indians are **here**, through no act of their own; that here they must **remain**; that **they** and **we** must learn to live in the same country together; that this learning to harmoniously live in the same world will be facilitated and hastened by, so far as possible, educating the young Caucasians and the young Indians in the same way, and, so far as possible, together, to the end that we may understand each other, make allowances for each other, interpret each other and dwell in harmony with each other in the same country.

To this doctrine I heartily subscribe and pledge my cooperation to carry it out. It is the only decent one, the only practicable one. Banishing the Indians to remote and inaccessible reservations, educating them apart from and in a different way from the rest of our people, is no way to make them independent and self-sustaining citizens. Rather, it makes them shy, helpless aliens, incapable of self-support, unable to take their own part in the hurly burly of life, not understanding or entering into the white man's way of living,—which is the only way the Indian can continue to live.

Really, I suppose the best solution of the problem is for the Indian children to be squarely taken into our own ordinary district schools, and taught by the same teachers, in the same way as the other children. In this way they learn to live together better than in any other way. So far as I have observed, this plan has excellent results whenever the Indian children are few as compared with the whites. The Indian children are almost universally clean, inoffensive and tractable. They are desperately shy, incomprehensibly afraid of ridicule. But one never hears of an Indian child being defiant or impudent or making trouble in the discipline of the school, never.

As a matter of law, Indian children have the same rights in the districts where they reside as the children of any other nationality, in fact a better right, for they have been here longer than any of us. I very often have to render this decision to excited individuals who want the Indian children put out of the school because they are Indians. It reminds me of a story of the old days of gold in California that was told me the other day. Bear Flat was inhabited by a community of Californians for generations, born and bred on the soil,—Mexicans, in the parlance of the day. By and by the argonauts observed that these native Californians were bringing in gold to exchange for food. Whereupon a mass meeting was called of Englishmen, Irishmen, Dutchmen, Jews, Frenchmen and everything else under the sun, gathered in from all over the world by the smell of gold. They organized in a methodical and legal way, and resolved that the mines did not and could not belong to foreigners. Then they adjourned, and they went for that group of heathen natives, ejected them bodily and took possession of their homes and their gold forever after, with the serene consciousness of acting in a strictly legal and proper manner. Indian children have a right in the school of their home district, derived from living a thousand years further back than the oldest European descendant of the State.

When the Indian children are in considerable numbers, however, the residents of the district are likely to grow restless and sour. They are alarmed lest the school be overwhelmed by the Indians. They don't want their children submerged by what they call the stupidity of the Indians. Sometimes they are alarmed over the possibility of their sons marrying Indian girls after spending years with them in school. Sometimes there are Southerners in the district, to whom a colored skin is rank poison. Sometimes you have fearful and wonderful yarns of the disease, filthy habits, and unsanitary lives of the Indians,—generally from some lean, malarial, tobacco-chewing, pork-eating citizen, lately come in from Arkansas or Missouri, and afflicted with yellow jaundice. He shakes his fist and swears violently that **his** children haint a goin' to mix up with no Indians in that school, not by a jug full. It is alleged, with direful head-shakings, that the whole Indian race is afflicted with tuberculosis, that they are grown through and through by venereal diseases, and that they are frightfully immoral.

It is my observation in these particulars that the Indians are very like other peoples. Their immoralities are forced upon them by white men of the baser sort. Their diseases are derived from the white man, and they are unable, economically, to combat them as the white man does, by nourishing food, comfortable houses, good living. Give them a chance, even half a chance, and they soon rise to the level of the neighborhood. Some of the neatest, brightest and handsomest little girls I have ever seen were the children of Indian mothers in district schools, with clean dresses, sparkling eyes and red ribbons on their smoothly-combed hair. I have observed that even the despised half-breed, when he is the son of a capable, healthy white man, grows into a capable man who can take care of his own and whose word is as good as his bond.

We as a people are fond of referring to our public school system as the great melting-pot of the nation, where the polyglot peoples of the world are taken in by wholesale, assimilated, and turned out as patriotic, capable American citizens. Our sympathy goes out to the poor and down-trodden of the earth, who come to us in hundreds of thousands. Last year 65,000 Jews came by steamer to the port of New York alone. More than a million are in New York now, to say nothing of the Austrians, Italians and other

European peoples. Now it seems to me that if we so cheerfully undertake the burden of assimilating the weak and slavish peoples of the old world, we can very well look kindly upon the task of assimilating our own American Indian, who is the product of our own soil, who has an untamed spirit and a soul attuned to nature rather than to the artificial conditions under which he must live in future. Where he is degraded, we ourselves have done the work of degradation. Naturally he affords a better basis for citizenship than the effete, worn out and disease-stricken remnants of older civilizations.

When the Indian children are in large numbers and the community as a whole is opposed to them, it is well for the Indians to be encouraged to form a regular school district of their own, under the laws of the State. The organization and conduct of the district will be valuable training to the adults as well as to the children. If the county superintendent is active and interested in this problem, as he should be, he will take a pride in assisting and guiding these timid people in forming and managing their school, in seeing to it that it is in every way on a par with the other schools of the county. So far as I have been able to observe, the Indian people themselves very greatly prefer this form of education to the government reservation school. They like to have their children at home nights and mornings, the same as other people, instead of sending them away for weeks and months to a federal school. The children are a comfort and a help to their parents, and ought to be with them. Desolate indeed is the home where children have been but are no more. What else have people left to live for?

It is well for the red man, who must live in the United States, the land of his fathers, all the rest of his life, and whose children and children's children must live here too, who must gain his daily bread by competing against the white man, who must work and bargain and buy and sell and prosper or fail with him,—it is well for the red man to organize his school and educate his children in the white man's way. He will not resent the separate school if he runs it himself and it is as good as the other schools. He will resent it only if it appears in the guise of an advertised discrimination against an inferior race.

All of these things really rest upon an economic basis. I observe that when by some accident an Indian community has received its share of its birthright in good, arable, valuable land, instead of some distant desert or some dry canyon,—that then the Indian occupies a very different station in the public eye. He is a man of substance, of property, of influence. Politicians court him and business men deal with him. "Money makes the mare go" for red man the same as white and yellow. The white man has a hundred years or so the start of the Indian, that is all. Give the Indian a fair chance at good food, correct living, opportunity and education, particularly industrial education rather than literary, and he will catch up with us in a century or so. We must be patient and must give him his chance.

No man should complain of his wife's biscuits if he fails to provide the dough.

Some people lead such an aimless existence that they could fire at random without hitting it.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS FOR THE PACIFIC.

The largest social event of the first week in September, to take place in San Francisco, is the reception to be given by the women of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific. It is to be held at the time of their annual meeting the first Wednesday of the month at the First Presbyterian church, corner of Van Ness Ave. and Sacramento street.

Invitations have been sent out to 465,000,000 women, all living in those lands across the seas that are not known as Christian countries. Not one regret has been received in response to the invitations, though for 73,000,000 of the invited guests the legitimate, literal and really obligatory excuse might perfectly truthfully be made that they have absolutely "nothing to wear." The fact that many times 73,000,000 can not read or write and therefore could not send their regrets need not be advanced by any scepti-

cal unenthusiastic critic who would heartlessly dampen the ardor and expectations of the hostesses; for the reception committee have made their arrangements so perfectly that it is just impossible for any one to avoid coming.

The committee is composed of the members of the missionary societies of the Congregational churches of the coast. The presidents of the Washington, Oregon and Southern California branches are making special efforts to be present that they may aid the members of the committee from the societies nearer San Francisco. At least three hundred of these are expected to be in attendance all day to welcome and pay every regard to the 465,000,000 guests.

Means of transportation of remarkable swiftness and perfect safety have been perfected for the visitors whose homes are so many thousand miles away. Necessarily this must be so; for the time required for simply passing through the church door, conveyed there as they might be

by swiftest ocean-greyhound, iron steed or winged airship, has been calculated by Mrs. Paul Raymond somewhat as follows:

"The women of China would hobble by on bound feet for nearly nine years; the women of India, the greater number of them widows and little wives, would be passing for six years; for nearly seven years one would look upon the black-veiled Moslem women; on Buddhist women for five years, on the brown bare-footed drudge of the pagan world for more than four years."

Evidently the committee of arrangements could not consider for an instant the most up-to-date, ingenious and efficient machinery known for conveying mankind by land and sea and air. How ridiculously futile would be any attempt to use whatever science has to offer. A higher realm was appealed to and the problem solved. For difficulties innumerable love finds a way, and for this particular difficulty, love is the way. Between two of its throbs a loving heart can compass the entire world and gather within its walls all that dwell thereon.

No soul can so fortify itself against another that it can escape entrance into the heart and mind of one who chooses to hold it in remembrance. Time and space need not be reckoned with, numbers are in appreciable quantities, resistance is powerless when in spirit we would gather about us the spirits of those we desire to have with us. So of what moment is it if the 465,000,000 women whom we would have as our guests on the second day of September are separated from us by thousands of miles of land and sea? Of what concern is it that the church on Van Ness avenue was built by the architect to hold a few hundreds of people? We know and are sure that with us, to whom will be the added delight of seeing eye to eye and speaking lip to lip, will be the unseen company of those whom our hearts will hold in loving concern.

Among those who will contribute to the entertainment of the day will be some who have seen the faces and touched the hands of many of our stranger guests of many far-off lands, who will tell us of their lives and loves and needs. There will be others who will lay upon our hearts the part which we may contribute to the glorious intent of the Father of mankind in making all the dwellers on the earth one in Christ.

By favor of the courtesy of the pastor, Dr. Guthrie, and the members of the First Presbyterian church of San Francisco, the meeting will be held in their beautiful new auditorium on Van Ness avenue and Sacramento street. The ladies of the church have graciously consented to serve a lunch for twenty-five cents a plate.

Among the speakers will be Mrs. Paul Raymond, Mrs. George Cowles, Miss Henrietta Brewer, Mrs. William Thorsen and Dr. Francis Van Horn.

To make the reception a success the presence of hundreds of members from the various societies will be needed to serve as the reception committee. Every president of a society should be responsible for a large representation from her church.

"THE ENLARGING CONCEPTION OF GOD."

By Albert W. Palmer.

Herbert Alden Youtz, professor of Christian Theology in Auburn Seminary, has just written a book entitled "The Enlarging Conception of God" which it is a pleasure to bring to the attention of readers of The Pacific. Professor Youtz is a brother of our Ernest E. Youtz, pastor of Pilgrim Church, Oakland. Auburn Seminary is a Presbyterian institution and the book represents a refreshing and hopeful type of Presbyterian theological teaching—at any rate from a modernist viewpoint.

The book is essentially a plea for a larger interpretation of God in the full light of all the material presented by modern science, historical research and biblical criticism. It is filled with a noble passion to find God here in the facts of our present experience, to find him real and present to us, as he has been to the great spiritual leaders of all the ages past. The spirit of theological scholarship is, therefore, not to ascertain a perfect and unchangeable system of doctrine, not to defend some deposit of faith once for all delivered in the past and incapable of growth, but rather to ever interpret the great religious truths in the language, the thought-forms, and the scientific wisdom of each new age. Neither an infallible church nor an infallible Bible is either needed or desirable, for both tend ever to enslavement to the letter of dogmatism, but rather a faith in the continued guiding presence of the Holy Spirit and willingness with open eyes to see the newer forms of truth and the larger vision.

The book contains a very strong chapter justifying the evolutionary as over against the static point of view in theology by an appeal to the laws of language which is ever growing richer in response to human need, to the laws of thought by which conceptions expand and deepen with ripening experience (take for example the shallower and deeper meanings which may gather around the idea of salvation) and to certain psychological laws which suggest the necessity of a vital and developing interpretation of truth to correspond with the progress and enrichment of personality.

The chapter on "The Perils of a Safe Theology" is splendid in its courage. It reminds one of Henry Bordeaux's discriminating novel "The Fear of Living" and carries over into theological thought the spirit of trusting God enough to accept His call to the adventure of life with good cheer. Even dry-as-dust theology calls for the spirit of adventure—witness Amos and Paul—great pathfinders in the new theology of their respective eras.

But the object of this review is simply to stimulate a desire to read the book and that can perhaps best be done by quoting a few typical sentences just to suggest the quality of thought and style which awaits the reader:

"Because Abraham and Paul saw God clearly through windows of ancient architecture we insist upon looking through their windows, whether or not we see the vision. We insist on keeping our windows open toward Jerusalem when they ought to be open upon the life of today."

"If God spoke convincingly to a past civilization in terms of myth and fable congenial to that age, He will not fail to speak to us in terms of our ruling convictions of process and law which have driven out the age of myths and superstitions."

"For vital religion is a matter of ethics, and not etiquette, before God."

"To use other men's visions, to rest back upon moral truth already revealed, content only to defend it—this is not the attitude of a great moral teacher or a great moral age."

"To re-enact spiritual reality today—not necessarily to repeat the ancient creed—is the substance of true worship."

"The Bible is not the record of a now discontinued revelation. The Bible must be viewed, not in a vacuum,

but in the context of history."

"The symbolism of the Cross points straight to a sympathetic, suffering God whose purposes are bound up with ours and whose life is poured out in the world's struggle."

As an indication of the stimulating and quickening power of Dr. Youtz's book, it may interest the ministers who read this review to know that the reviewer has jotted down on the back page of the volume some eight or ten sermon themes suggested by the reading. What these themes are I shall not divulge. Each man who reads the book will probably prefer to find his own. (Published by MacMillan, $1.25.)

A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA INDIAN, WHOSE LIFE DESERVES SPECIAL MENTION.

William E. Johnson, who did a most excellent work in the government service for several years among the Indians, told not long ago in "The American Patriot" the story of the reformation of this Seerrano Indian, Bill Pablo. We condense it here for the readers of The Pacific.

Bill was a powerful fellow, weighing 225 pounds. The swarthy giant had the piercing eyes of a serpent, a fist like a stone-quarry maul. He talked English, Spanish, and five Indian dialects. He had the energy and strength of a buffalo. He was shrewd, crafty, impetuous, a stranger to fear, a stormy petrel generally. He was a terror to the whites, was accused of having killed four men, and was once tried for murder, but was acquitted. Sometimes he aided the officers as a sort of deputy, and sometimes he fought them. He sat up nights to hate the whites. His body was decorated with scars of knives and bullets.

The Indian lived in unpropitious times. He was a neighbor of the Indians whose sufferings were so eloquently described by Helen Hunt Jackson in her Ramona. In fact, Bill was a neighbor of the original of that character. Further, he had lived for nine years under the administration of an Indian agent who permitted his wards to be plundered, debauched, and maltreated in a most scandalous manner; an agent who had been forcibly ejected from the service by Commissioner Leupp.

While he had never been to school, Bill learned to read and write both English and Spanish. He understood right from wrong; he knew that his people were robbed and plundered and lied to, and not knowing just what to do to bring relief, he took it out in hate and an occasional outbreak of some kind that spelled trouble for the white people —any people, just so they were white.

Any man of intelligence who hates injustice and loves his fellow-man is an asset to any community. I coveted Bill, his friendship, his tremendous energy, his bravery, his loyalty to his kind, his ability

Clara B. True, who had been commissioned by Mr. Leupp to repair, as Indian superintendent, as far as possible the nine years of hideous maladministration of her predecessor, got on speaking terms and in part tamed the Indian, who had made more trouble for Indian superintendents than any other score of Indians in that section.

One day I purposely met Bill where we could talk alone, and there we had it out together.

"Why is it that you are always fighting the whites?" I asked.

"Because they are all liars, thieves, and whisky peddlers," he retorted.

"Are they **all** liars, thieves and whisky peddlers?" I ventured.

"So near it there ain't no difference," he said.

"Am I a liar and thief and whisky peddler?" I queried.

"I believe you are on the square," he said, looking me square in the eye.

"Then you and I are on the same job. You come with me and we will make sausage of these white liars and thieves and whisky peddlers. I'll give you two dollars a day and expenses, and give you the time of your life besides," was my proposition.

Bill jammed his boot-heel into the sand a couple of times and then grabbed my hand.

And the Injun went out after the whisky peddler with the same eternal zeal that he had displayed in different directions. In the three years that followed he had more to do with "cleaning up" Southern California than any other man save Charley Ward, of San Bernardino.

Once the tradesmen of his village complained that Bill was not paying his bills very well. I investigated and found that he had stocked his forty-acre farm with a dozen or so orphan Indian children, and had half a dozen old Indian topers out there trying to get them on their feet again. It took all Bill's two dollars per day to feed the crew. So I raised his pay to three dollars, and that enabled him to gradually get even with the townspeople.

Bill's arrival in any hamlet within a hundred miles of his home became the signal for every whiskey peddler to take to the brush. But taking to the brush did not help much, for every Indian in Southern California was Bill's friend and would tell him all Indian secrets, which would lead to the apprehension of scores of evil-doers.

On one occasion Bill gave out the information that a certain Indian superintendent was guilty of occasionally going down to San Jacinto and filling his hide with red-eye. This led to an official investigation, but the special agent assigned to the duty was one of the worthless sort, a friend of the delinquent and who had some old bone to pick with Pablo. The inspector reported that the story was false, that Pablo was a chronic liar, and tried to force me to dispense with his service. The superintendent was triumphantly exonerated, as usual, but a few weeks later, when he was under subpoena as a witness at Los Angeles, in the Federal court, the case had to be continued over because the marshal reported that the same superintendent had just been found in a drunken sleep in an outhouse. The next day the same superintendent was thrown into the city jail for getting drunk again.

Later the same special officer was promoted to the post of chief supervisor of farming, at a salary of $3,000 per year, and per diem besides. His principal qualifications for the position were that he was an adept at crooked politics and that he had no knowledge whatever of farming.

A medicine man was doing much to demoralize the Mokave Indians up at Needles, and I assigned Bill to the duty of putting him out of commission. Bill approached the offender with a little red globe, such as can be purchased at a toy store. If opened a certain way, a black ball falls out. You put the ball in your pocket and open it another way and the ball seems to reappear. By solemnly manipulating this trick a little under the medicine man's face, Bill caused him to be stricken with such a panic that he took to the brush, settling the problem in five minutes.

Sometimes, toward the end of a fiscal year, money would play out, and there would be nothing left to pay deputies. But that made no difference to Pablo. "I must do something to help my people, and I will do it whether I get paid or not," and out he would go on a "hunt," from which he always returned with a string of victims.

Bill Pablo, the Injun, lives on his forty-acre farm near Banning, still fighting the battles of his people, and when the Indian history of Southern California is written, a large chapter must needs be devoted to Pablo.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Rev. H. H. Wikoff preached at Mill Valley last Sunday and reports everybody smiling.

Rev. F. A. Bissell, scholar and gentleman, is up and around and hopes soon to be at work again.

Rev. E. C. Oakley preached at San Lorenzo Sunday morning to a large and appreciative audience.

Rev. John M. Schaefle of Pico Heights Church, Los Angeles, was at the ministers' meeting last Monday.

Last Monday, at ministers' meeting, Rev. H. H. Wikoff gave an interesting account of his travels in the East.

Next Monday Rev. A. W. Palmer will speak at the minister's meeting on "Books Read on a Summer Vavation."

Mrs. C. F. Aked is home from Los Angeles, looking uncommonly well and happy, and reports that she has had a vacation.

Rev. Albert P. Davis of Pomona was at the ministers' meeting last Monday and reported everything prosperous down south.

The handsome new church now being built by Plymouth, Oakland, is roofed in and the work is being rapidly pushed to completion.

Next Sunday Rev. Robert Walker preaches at the First Church, San Francisco; on Sunday, the 30th, Rev. Arthur B. Patton; and on Sunday, September 6th, Dr. Aked will be back in his own pulpit.

Boulevard Congregational Church at Melrose was granted, by the Congregational Church Building Society, a loan of $1,000 and a gift of $1,500 last April. The church has been unable to collect this money because of a debt of $250. It has been almost impossible to raise the debt because the church had to subscribe $250 for pews. However, one of the trustees, a recent convert and a young man, made a forward move and with the pastor got busy and last Sunday reported the money all raised in small subscriptions. It means sacrifice, but all concerned are very happy and feel that the job was worth while.

REFLECTIONS IN A RESTAURANT.

Oh the oysters are not so inviting
  And the soup and the fish aren't much,
The chef seems inclined to be slighting
  Each dish that he chances to touch.
The roast isn't what you expected
  And the service is marked by delays.
But cheer up! You've not been neglected—
  How sweetly the orchestra plays!

The strains of a beautiful ballad
  With keenest enjoyment are heard
So who shall find fault with the salad
  Or speak with disdain of the bird?
Mere food is not worth admiration,
  While art is a thing to adore.
Don't eat, but observe with elation
  The dancers trip out on the floor!

—Philander Johnson

The Home.

"CHEER UP, HONEY!"

I was but a little child,
  Overwhelmed with sudden sorrow,
Torn by grief and anger wild,
  Blind to any gladsome morrow.
Dear old Mammy, soul of grace,
  Laid her hand upon my head,
And, with heaven in her face,
  Softly, musically said:
"Cheer up, Honey! Doan' yo' fret!
 Pow'rful good times comin' yet!"

Mammy's wrinkled ebon face
  Long ago was hid from me,
But her counsel still has place
  In the heart of memory.
When grief tells me o'er and o'er,
  "Thou wilt nevermore rejoice!"
When I dare not look before,
  Then I hear a loving voice:
"Cheer up, Honey! Doan' yo' fret!
 Pow'rful good times comin' yet!"

—Emma C. Dowd.

PIETY IN THE HOME.

Probably no one doubts that genuine religion will make itself felt without fail in the family, and that the family offers an especially important and fruitful field for its exercise. Home is surely a place where the beauty and excellence of Christianity can be most powerfully illustrated. It is Christianity that has made the home what it is; and the sort of piety just suited to the home is the sort that everywhere accredits itself. This, because true religion is the mortal foe of selfishness, and unselfishness nowhere has a better chance to exhibit its power than where there is much occasion for friction, where the daily adjustment of conflicting plans and interests must be constantly studied at close quarters, where there is such continual opportunity in a thousand little things to deny self and show kindness to others. To brace one's self for a great effort coming very rarely is much easier than to be always ready for the countless small efforts called for by the familiar intercourse of the family. This latter readiness proves the possession of a permanent fund of grace much more than does the ability to rise to some special exigency under strong stimulation.

Very common, alas, is the piety which fails under the household test. Many a wife would need to go to the prayer-meeting to learn that her husband enjoys entire sanctification. Many a husband would be surprised could he hear the professions his wife makes, with glowing face, in some esoteric circle. And the children—those sharp-witted observers, whose keen instincts quickly apprehend the difference between reality and pretense—if only at meetings could they suspect that their parents have "entered the valley of blessing so sweet," if only by the church record could they know that father and mother have "re-

nounced the world, the flesh, and the devil," then the power of this trinity of evil over their young minds will not be greatly shaken by any number of exhortations and admonitions. A consistent example is better than all the wise precepts that ever were spoken. For the children's sake, because of the undying effect it will have on their plastic minds, the religion of the home must be of the purest type. It must be of the sort that naturally recognizes the headship of Christ at the table in a few well chosen words of thanks for the supply of bodily necessities; of the sort that still further recognizes that headship in a brief season of prayer and Scripture reading, with a hymn if possible, at morning or night. Better might the family meal be omitted than the family worship. The literature of the center table, also, and the pictures on the walls, have a great influence in controlling the atmosphere and affecting results in the line of high character. The tone of conversation, the attitude toward the church and the minister, the manner in which the topics of the day are discussed, the gossip, which surely need not be uncharitable but often is—all this and much more that might be specified, how certainly, although unconsciously, it molds the life of the young.

Then, again, the mutual relations of husband and wife, how deeply and continually they are affected by the nature of their piety. The reason why thoroughly happy homes, homes of complete harmony and constant sunshine, are so few is found mainly in the fact that if the two partners are Christians at all they are so only in a nominal way, not in a way that penetrates to the roots of being. Such Christianity, superficial and formal, will not set people to praying in earnest, "Lord, make me easy to live with." The art of living together is both a fine art and a most useful one, nothing more so. It is considerably complex and decidedly difficult. It involves much thoughtfulness, the putting of one's self in the place of another, the constant surrender of one's own will. It includes the long and by no means simple process by which dissimilar temperaments, trained in somewhat dissimilar surroundings, are gradually assimilated. They who would master this art must learn to give up individual rights in the interest of the domestic community, must avoid stock subjects of disputation and unnecessary PACIFIC EIGHT . . . . . GB cmf criticism of each other's methods, must freely allow large liberty in personal details, not insisting that there is only one way to do things; must not expect too much of others, keeping in mind the fact that they themselves make large demands on patience. Familiarity must not be allowed to swallow up courtesy. Nor must one think that love alone is enough to make a model home. Brains must be carefully mixed with it; common sense must have sway; affection must be guided by intelligence. Little attentions, pleasant words of cheer and commendation, the wisdom that comes from constant watchfulness, how important are these. And the best sort of religion will compass these.—James Mudge.

DANGERS TO GROWING GIRLS.

Mary Wood-Allen, M. D.

By the "growing girl" I mean the one who is in the period of transition from childhood to womanhood, who is in a crisis of life and therefore needs especial care. To a certain extent the dangers of this period are recognized by mothers, and much anxiety is often felt lest the girl fail to develop into the perfect, healthy woman. But a lack of thorough understanding of the conditions and the processes of evolution often renders the mother incompetent to be a judicious guardian of her growing daughter.

The period of adolescence for the girl is said to cover the years between twelve and twenty, but the average age of the awakening of the special physical functions of woman —known as puberty—is fourteen. These functions may be delayed even in the healthy girl for two or three years, or they may appear as early as eleven years of age.

The physical changes which occur are full of import. The body takes on a sudden growth, the figure is fuller and more rounded. Accompanying these changes may be headaches, backaches, languor, showing that the vital energies are finding themselves taxed to bring about the required development. "Growing pains" may be present, indicating that the muscles are being stretched to meet the rapid growth of bones. The previous active girl has become so indolent that she is, perhaps, scolded for being lazy. All these signs indicate that the girl needs consideration on the part of her friends, and while she should not in any sense be considered an invalid, she should be encouraged to be judicious in her expenditure of physical strength.

Long walks or long bicycle rides, or games of lawn tennis, which heretofore have been a delight and benefit, just now may make an injurious demand upon the vital force, taxed as it is in the effort to establish a new order in her physical domain. She needs exercise and plenty of outdoors, but the exertion should have due reference to the extra expenditure of energy involved in the transition from child to woman. It is simply a matter of economics. If much is expended in one direction, there will be less to spend in other ways. The girl should not be coddled or frightened, neither should she be laughed at because she is less inclined to great bodily activity.

A serious menace to the growing girl is an effort to compress her figure by her dress. The displacements of viscera that result undermine not only her own individual health, but threaten the physical integrity of her posterity. A thorough scientific understanding of the special physiology of woman would certainly prevent the mother from making this serious mistake.

Abnormal appetites, such as a desire to eat chalk, lead pencils, plaster and the like, are indication of a disturbance of the nervous system or of some morbid condition best discovered by an examination into the general health by a competent physician.

It may be that the girl who previously has had no difficulty in her school-life now discovers that she "can't remember," that she has headaches and is easily made to weep. Her friends notice that she has become irritable in temper and hard to please. These symptoms indicate that brain rest is needed. A year of freedom from the demands of school would allow nerve force to accumulate until—the new physical regime being established—brain work may again be resumed. Simple household duties, light gardening, studies of a scientific nature, such as botany or geology, would give employment for both body and mind. Long hours of practice of music should be avoided, for even if this does not tax her emotionally, it makes severe demands upon a nervous system which is already taxed to its limit.

To dwell with nature would be far more healthful than to pore over works of fiction or of poetry. The newly acquired sensibilities respond quickly to the stimulus of romances either in poetry or prose, and an undesirable precocity of physical womanhood may result. Theater-going is even more detrimental, as it makes a stronger impress upon the emotions. To dancing there are many objections. The insufficient dress, the exposure to cold when heated, the improper eating, all tend to produce local congestions aggravated by the long-continued exercise. There is also

a danger to the emotional nature in the excitement, the undue familiarity of the round dance, and the sensuous influence of the dance music.

Social excitement of all kinds is undesirable. The social pleasures of the growing girl should be of the simplest, and should not interfere with her hours of sleep. If her companions are girls and boys of her own age, with whom she is on terms of comradeship without sentimentality, and their pleasures are those of older children—not of miniature men and women—they will conduce to her health because they add to her happiness; but no growing girl should ever be allowed to consider herself a young lady in society "receiving attentions" from men. While her nature is so rapidly developing it is exceedingly susceptible, and she can not be expected to act with the prudence and good judgment that she herself will wish in later years. For her own safety she should be kept from the allurements and excitement of adult social life.

One danger to growing girls may be found in violent friendships with other girls. These are morbid, a sort of perversion of nature, the danger of which is not understood by the girl herself. Girls should be taught reserve in their association with other girls as well as with persons of the opposite sex. It were well for all humanity were we early instructed in the truth that true love needs no excess of demonstration, but best expresses itself in service.

The development of the child into the woman is a beautiful process when it takes place in an orderly, natural manner. Under the abnormal conditions of civilized life the bud is too often hastened in its unfolding, and the result is precocious beauty and consequently premature decay. The girl who at sixteen has tasted of all life's pleasures, at twenty is blase in mind and perhaps invalided in body; but one who unfolds in the sweet atmosphere of home sympathy, whose pleasures are simple and wholesome, whose food and dress are in accordance with nature's laws, remains longer a young girl, unfolds into more transcendent beauty and retains through life a continued interest in a world that was not "squeezed dry" before she had reached the age to taste its sweetness. The dangers to growing girls are more matters of environment and education than inherent in the girl's nature.

For The Children.

LITTLE BEAR'S BEE-TREE.

Whenever Father Bear and Mother Bear went after honey, they left Little Bear at home. Little Bear wondered about that honey, and why he was always left at home.

"Where do you find honey, Father Bear?" Little Bear asked one day.

"In a bee-tree, Son Bear, in a bee-tree, to be sure!" answered Father Bear.

"What is a bee-tree like?" asked Little Bear. "Is it like a needle-y pine-tree or a maple-tree, or is it like a birch-tree with leaves that flutter, or what is a bee-tree like, Father Bear, and how does it grow?"

"A bee-tree," answered Father Bear, "is any kind of a hollow tree in which the bees build their nests and store their honey."

"How do you find a bee-tree, Father Bear?" said Little Bear, trying to look wise.

"How do you find a bee-tree?' repeated Father Bear, trying to look wise himself. "Why, Son Bear, you find a bee-tree by—well, a bear knows where to look for a bee-tree; that is all. You find it because you find it! Yes, yes!"

"Could I find a bee-tree?" asked Little Bear.

"Oh, no, Son Bear," Father Bear answered, "not even the way Goldilocks' father found his bee-tree."

"Please tell me about it!" begged Little Bear.

"Well, Goldilocks' father found his bee-tree the way most men do in the north woods. He filled a little box with honey made of sugar and water. Then he caught a bee and shut it up in the box. When the bee had gathered all the sweetness he could carry, Father Goldilocks opened the box and let the bee go. You must know, Son Bear, that bees fly in a straight line to their nests. That is what is meant by a 'beeline.' Goldilocks' father followed the bee as far as he could see the right direction; and at last Father Goldilocks reached the beetree and helped himself to honey."

"Oh, I wish I could find a bee-tree!" cried Little Bear.

"No, no, Little Bear, no, no!" Father Bear insisted. You won't know how to find a bee-tree until you grow to be a big, big bear!"

Now that very day Little Bear did find a bee-tree, and this is how it happened. He was playing in the woods between the house and the river, when he jumped upon a long, moss-covered log, and began to dance and sing.

"When I'm big, I'm going to find a bee-tree!"

Just then Little Bear danced straight through the roof of that rotten log, which had once been a tree, and down he went into a bee's nest! Out came the bees after Little Bear's nose! Home ran Little Bear, fast, very fast.

"I found a bee-tree! I found a bee-tree!" shouted Little Bear, brushing the bees from his nose, first with one paw, then with the other paw. "Oh, I did find a bee-tree!"

"Son Bear found a bee-tree!' echoed Father Bear. Out came Mother Bear, and the three ran back after the honey. And that honey was so sweet, Little Bear did not care if the bees did sting his nose!

After that happy day the three bears always went together in search of honey.—Frances Margaret Fox, in Youth's Companion.

A REAL SOLDIER.

" 'Tis May-time! 'Tis May-time!
And all the world is bright."

So sang the birds among the blossoms, and so whispered the sunbeams as they crept softly through the open window and tapped on the eyelids of a little boy who was fast asleep.

"Wake up! Wake up!" they called, and Richard did wake and sat straight up in bed for a moment looking around him. Then he sprang with a bound out of the bed and over to the window. "Oh, oh, oh!" he cried. "What a beautiful day! And it is Decoration Day, and I am going to see the parade and wear my white suit and carry my flag to wave at the soldiers. Oh, hurrah, hurrah!" He danced up and down for joy, and then began to wash and dress as fast as he could.

Soon he was ready and ran downstairs to tell father and mother how happy he was. But, when he reached the kitchen, he stopped short in surprise; for father, with a very sober face, was getting breakfast alone and mother was nowhere to be seen.

"What's the matter, father?" asked Richard. "And where's mother?"

Father stopped his work and looked straight at Richard. "Dickey boy," he said, "mother has one of her sick headaches and must stay in bed until she is better."

"But, father," Richard cried, "it's Decoration Day and there is a big parade with lots of soldiers, and we"— He stopped, for there was a big lump in his throat, and he had to clinch his fists tightly to keep from crying.

Father knelt in front of Richard and took both tense little hands in his own. "My boy," he said, and his voice was very tender, "father knows just how you feel and is very sorry, but there is something very nice you can do to-day, Dickey; you can be a real soldier."

"How?" asked Richard, in surprise.

"Real soldiers," explained father, "are those who do the bravest, hardest things; and, do you know, that sometimes it is much harder and braver to stay in camp than to go out and fight? Now I can be the man who goes out to fight, and you be the man who stays and takes care of the camp."

Richard laid his head on father's shoulder. "I will, daddy dear," he whispered, "I will try to be a real soldier."

He walked very straight and held his head high as he helped father with the breakfast work, and when it was done and the baby was out on the porch in her carriage, it was a bright-faced little boy who kissed father good-bye and wished him a happy day. Then he tiptoed to the darkened room where mother was lying. She was awake and held out her hand to him. "I'm so sorry, dear, not to take you to the parade today," she said, and her eyes were full of tears.

Richard smiled, a brave, real-soldier smile. "I don't mind at all, mother," he cried cheerfully. "You see I am a real soldier today; this is the camp, you are in the hospital tent; baby is the drummer-boy, I am the captain. Now take a drink of nice fresh water and go to sleep." He kissed her gently and went softly out to take care of little sister.

He made two soldier-caps and put cloth on the end of the drum-sticks so they wouldn't make much noise. Then he and baby walked up and down the lawn, she with the drum, he carrying a flag, just like a real parade.

"Halt!" said a voice, and the parade stopped suddenly. Good morning, soldiers. That's a fine parade."

Richard hardly knew what to say, for there at the gate stood a tall man dressed in blue with shiny brass buttons and gold fringe on his shoulders. He held his hat in his hand and smiled so kindly that the children smiled in return.

"You're coming to see our big parade this afternoon, aren't you?" he asked.

Richard's lips quivered for a moment, but he answered bravely, "No, sir, we can't leave the camp; mother is in the hospital tent, and she needs us."

"Oh," said the man, "I see. You're the right kind of a soldier, my boy. Good-bye." And he was gone. The children watched him until he was out of sight and then went back to their parade.

Richard made tea for mother, got lunch for baby and himself, and was wheeling baby up and down the porch to put her to sleep when he heard a sound far off down the street—Br—m, br—m, br—m, br—m, br—m. "Listen, sister," he said, "it's the drums; they're having the parade!" Nearer and nearer came the sound—Br—m, br—m, br—m, br—m, br—m. "I'll wheel you down to the gate and perhaps we can see where it is.'

Way, way off Richard thought he could catch a glimpse of blue coats and waving flags. As he watched they came nearer, nearer, and nearer, until he could see them quite plainly.

"Baby," he cried, "baby, I do believe they're coming right past our house!" He lifted her from her carriage and helped her climb up to the top of the low gate-post where he could hold her by standing on the fence. On came the parade, with bands playing and flags flying, on and on: surely it was coming past their house. At its head rode a man on a big black horse. When he passed the gate where Richard stood, he saluted, and Richard returned the salute in real soldier fashion. "That's our soldier," he whispered to baby, "and he's captain of all the parade!"

It was indeed a big parade, and when it was over Richard put baby back in her carriage and ran into the house, his cheeks red, his eyes shining. He opened the door of his mother's room quietly and found her up in bed feeling much better.

"Oh, mother!" he cried, "the parade came right by our house, and I think that nice captain asked to have it come PACIFIC TEN ... ... GB cmfw so we might see it."

"Yes, dear," mother answered, "I think he did."

By tea-time mother was able to be up, and such a merry time as they had that evening telling father about the day and how they had seen the parade after all. When bedtime came, father laid his hand on Richard's head.

"Good-night, my real soldier," he said, and mother whispered, as she kissed him: "He's been such a help to mother today."

Richard hugged them both as he answered: "This was the nicest Decoration Day I ever had!"—Harriet B. Jones, in "Kindergarten Review."

GET YOUR RIGHTS.

A good many boys don't get their rights. They do not get what belongs to them. I believe in standing up for a boy's rights. Let me tell you what some of them are:

First, a boy has a right to a strong body. Anything that others do to prevent this, or that he does to hinder it is a wrong to a boy.

Second, a boy has a right to a clear, strong brain. This means that he has a right to study.

Third, a boy has the right to tools. He deserves to have his fingers educated. He has a right to work.

Fourth, a boy has a right to friends—friends that will makes him more manly. Because it helps friendships as well as bodily strength, he has a right to play.

Fifth, a boy has a right to character. He has a right to be measured not by what he can do, but by what he can be.

Be sure you get your rights.—Canadian Epworth Era.

TO BANISH LONELINESS.

O lonely heart set thine own chords in tune;
With discord's self, divinest music jars;
Then shalt thou learn Love's everlasting rune,
And chant the anthem of the morning stars.

For thee shall all creation have a voice,
And flowers and birds and angels round the throne
In one glad chorus sing to thee, "Rejoice!"
The heart that loveth never is alone.

Silence has this advantage over speech—that you never have to take it back.

TEACHERS.

The little brook that down the vale
Sings on though days be bright or gray
Has taught me how I, too, may sing
My cares and griefs away.

The flowers growing by the path
With faces lifted to the sky
Have taught me where to look for Him.
Whose truth I journey by.

The roadside spring whose waters well
To quench the thirst of man
Has taught me how my life may be
Of service to God's plan.

And so it is where'er I go,
Whate'er I hear or see;
The humble dwellers of the earth
Are always teaching me!

—Arthur Wallace Peach.

A woman may not always be a close observer but on the other hand she is always a clothes observer.

FOLLOW THE KING.

Man am I grown, and man's work must I do,
Follow the deer? Follow the Christ, the King,
Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King—
Else, wherefore born?

—Tennyson.

"WHAT WE BELIEVE."

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We walked together down the road
As wondering lovers do,
She called me by a funny name
Nobody knew.
For women are but women. Yet
I ever found it so
When we walked down a country road
Ten years ago.

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